

Dead Flowers, Elephian

You hold the match still burning up against the palm of your hand
The smell of smoke seeps through the room, the room in which I stand
You don't seem to like the chair that your back is perched against
You don't seem to be that aware
That bit, that bit I understand
And now it's time for you to bed a smile comes across
Green robe covers like a pin soaked in a pennywise pocket gin
You think I'm lucky not to pay the rent, you think I've fallen for a fool
You always were hard on you
That bit, that bit I understand
With watered eyes you look an angel, that bodies shaking through the floor
I know that I've caused all your sorrow I know you should have gotten more
It's not something I ever planned It's not some evil I've had before
There's just one thing I can't understand
Why would you ever want a man